

World in the Moon

AND

OPENING

As it is Performed at the

Theatre in Dorset Street

By His Majesty's Servants

By E. S.

Tentanda vix est.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N

Printed by Ad. Rogers, at the Fleet-Street Press.



Actors in the Comedy

Men.

Frank Wildblood, a Gentleman of the Town,

Mr. *Powel*.

Ned Stanmore, a Templer,

Mr. *Mills*.

Palmerin Worthy, in Love with *Jacintha*,

Mr. *Williams*.

Sir Dottrel Fondlove, an old doating Alderman,

Mr. *Johnson*.

Old Stanmore, a Deputy of a Ward and Father to *Jacintha*,

Mr. *Disney*.

Tom. Dawkins, a Country-Clown,

Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Women.

Jacintha, in Love with *Palmerin*,

Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

Widow *Dawkins*,

Mrs. *Powel*.

Mrs. *Susan*, a Sempstrefs,

Mrs. *Andrews*.

The

The Curtain rises, and discovers the Flat Pallace, with a new Arch,
richly decorated with Gold ; with these Three Motto's:

Vires dabit amula Virtus——

Spectemur agendo——

Per Apellem Splendet Apollo.

The Cieling being new painted with the Figure of Majesty seated
upon a Globe, encircled with Glory, and attended by *Cupids*, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Set to Musick by Mr. Jeremy Clark.

Welcome Beauty, all the Charms,
Sparkling in that Orb of Glory;
All to those Protecting Arms,
Thus we Bend and Kneel before Te.

If the Fates that rule below,
All are smiling Heav'n's Creation;
We have no kind Stars but You,
All in that fair Constellation.

Smile then with a Beam divine,
We'll be blest if You but shine;
Happy then our Pains and Toils;
Wit only lives, when Beauty smiles.

Your Graces let the Muses share,
And in return they make this Pray'r.

In all your Quiver,
May there never,
Want a Shaft all Hearts to gain;
Whilst all their Duty,
Paid to Beauty,

The Great shall Kneel, and Fair shall Reign.

T H E

T H E
New World in the Moon.

A C T I.

Enter Widow, Mrs. Susan, and Tom.

Suf. **N**AY, fye, dear Annt, dry up your Eyes, and cheer up your Heart, and once more let me bid you welcom to *London*.
Tom. *London*, quotha! Well; I never saw such a strange Place in all my born Days. Here's a whole thousand of Houses, and not one Barn among them all.

Wid. Oh Cousin; 'tis a melancholy Journey that brings me hither; never had poor Woman such a Loss as I have had. My Eldest, my First-born, my Virginity, Cousin; cropt in the Flow'r, in the Bud of Five and twenty: Oh, Cousin, I have lost such a Boy——

Tom. As was not worth keeping.

Wid. How, Sirrah!

Tom. Why he's dead Mother, he's dead; and what should we do with dead Folks, but make Crows-meat of them?

Wid. Oh thou ungracious Boy! Are these your Tears for your poor Brothers Death, that dear sweet precious Lamb?

Tom. A Word in your Ear.

Suf. With me, Cousin!

Tom. Between Friends, Cousin *Suchee*, our Family are none of the wisest.

Suf. Nay, why so, Cousin!

Tom. All Fools, but my self. Why here's that young Cudden, my Brother, a silly Block-headed Son of a——, had no more Wit than to play the Fool and die: And here's that whining, whimpering old Dunce, my Mother, has no more Wit than to cry for him.

Suf. Ay, Cousin, there you are in the Right: She's a little too sorrowful indeed.

Tom. In the Right, Cousin; why, I am never in the Wrong.

Wid. What's that he prates?

Suf. Only telling me, he's the Top-wit of the Family.

Wid. Nay, the Child has very good natural Parts: Heav'n send him to make good use of them. Ay, ay, he has Wit enough.

B

Tom. Wit ! Ay enough to stock a whole Parish : Enough to give all the young fellows their Heads full, and the young Wenches their Bellies-full.

Wid. Well Son, more of your Manners, and less of your Wit. Pray let's see how you'll behave your self before the Squire, my Landlord.

Tom. Ay, ay, let me alone for Haviours.

Enter a Footman.

Wid. That must be his Livery. Pray Sir, if I may be so bold ; don't you belong to Squire Wildblood ?

Foot. Well, Woman, and what then ?

Wid. Only I have a little Business with his Worship.

Foot. Yonder's his Worship, if you have any thing to say to him.

Tom. What a furly Dog's this ? Oons Mother, shall I beat him ?

Wid. Beat him, Rascal ?

Enter Frank Wildblood, and Ned Stanmore.

Noble Squire.

Fr. W. My *Buckingham-Widow* ! My Country Copy-holder !

Wid. Your poor Tenant, Sir.

N. Sr. Sweet Mrs. *Susan*.

Suf. My dear *Temple-master*.

Fr. W. And prithee, Widow, what Wind blows you to Town ?

Wid. Truly Squire, I am come Forty long Miles to wait upon your Worship.

Tom. And I am come Forty long Miles along with her ; that's just Four-score.

Wid. You must pardon him, Sir ; 'tis a bold Boy, my Son, an't like ye.

Tom. And she's my Mother, for want of a better ; an't like ye.

Fr. W. Your Son ! How old is he ?

Wid. A poor Suckling, Sir ; just turn'd of Twenty.

Fr. W. A very hopeful Boy !

Tom. So the Girls tell me, Sir.

Wid. Ah Squire, I have lost my Eldest Boy : There's one Life in my Copyhold gone. But I hope your Worship will be pleas'd to renew my Lease, and put in this young Lamb in his Room. I have made a hard Shift to pick up a few Mill'd Crowns for You, a very scarce Commodity among us poor Country-Folks. But I hope your good Worship will use me as kindly as you can.

N. Sr. Ay prithee *Frank* use her kindly, for her sweet Niece's sake here.

Fr. W. A very pretty Creature ! Of your Acquaintance, *Ned* ?

N. Sr. At your Service.

Fr. W. Your Servant, sweet Lady. [*Kisses her.*] Here Sirrah, take that old Gentlewoman and her Son to my House, and make them welcome for this fair Ladies sake. Prithee what is she, *Ned* ? [*Ex. Widow and Son.*]

N. Sr. My *Temple-Sempstrefs*. Oh *Frank*, this sweet young Lady has the prettiest softest Hand at tying a Crevat : As I hope to be a Judge, I had rather dress my self in those two black Eyes, than in the best Beau Looking-glass in all *Covent-garden*.

Suf. You must pardon his way of Rallery, Sir. He always makes bold with his poor Servant.

Fr. W. If he's no more bold than welcome, he's a happy Man, Madam.

Suf. Alas, Sir ! I make him happy !

N. Sr.

N. St. Prithee *Frank* let me recommend you to this Ladies Acquittance. It shines in the Front of a gay Shop in *Fleet-street*, and is a fair Dealer in Linnen Drapery.

Suf. Where this Gentleman shall be welcome.

Fr. W. You could not give me a more acceptable Invitation. I assure you, Madam, as far as ready Mony, or Love will go, I shall be your humble Servant: for I declare from my Heart, I can't have a higher Ambition than to be taking up Linnen with so pretty a Lady.

Suf. The best in my Shop is at your Service.

Fr. W. That in your Bed-chamber will please me much better.

Suf. My Bed-chamber, sweet Sir; nay, now you'll make me blush.

Fr. W. Not in the Dark, Madam! I always put out the Candle.

Suf. I vow you talk so strangely——But I beg your Pardon, Sir, I must wait upon my Aunt: She expects my Attendance, and I dare not forfeit her good Graces.

Fr. W. Then must we lose ye? Here Sirrah, Page, pay your Obedience, and usher that Lady. [Exit Mrs. Susan.]

N. St. O fye *Frank*, almost Seven a Clock: The Play's half done by this time.

Fr. W. Time enough for the last Act. Thou know'st I never take a turn to a Play, but either just pop in my Head before the Curtain rises, or before it drops again.

N. St. Then you peep into a Play-house, like a Prentice into a Church: Just hear the Text, then take a Ramble, and come back to receive the Blessing: He to hand out his *Cheap-side* Mistress, and you your *Covent-garden* Miss.

Fr. W. Nay, there thou hast hit me.

N. St. But why are you so unkind to the Play-houses, especially at this Low-water time with them, to take a turn (as you call it) before the Curtain rises?

Fr. W. Out of pure Charity, *Ned*. I gallop round the Pit, hear the last Musick, pick up a Mask, and carry her off before the Play; and so save the poor Whore her Half Crown.

N. St. But why can't you sit out the Play?

Fr. W. Oh Intolerable! I could no more endure to sit out a whole Play, than to Ride out a whole Fox-Chace; especially since I came to my Estate.

N. St. And why since you came to your Estate?

Fr. W. Why? Because I so wore out all my Patience in waiting for my Father's Death, that I have not one single Grain left.

N. St. Nay thou had'st an unreasonable Father, that I'll say for him. He had no more Conscience than to Live to see his hopeful First-begotten a reverend Superannuated old Gentleman of Five and twenty, when thou want'st to have had him in Heaven above Seven Years before, to keep a Coach and a Whore at Eighteen.

Fr. W. A Coach and a Whore, *Ned*! why 'tis Life and Soul. Punk and Pride, the Flesh and the Spirit; and a Man's not a Man without 'em.

N. St. But why do you tell me you never stay out a Play, when you know I have seen you perking behind the Scenes, from the first Musick to the last Candle,

to a clear Stage; nay, and to a clear Dressing-room, the very last Man bourn.

Fr. W. Behind the Scenes! Ay, there the Case is altered. There, *Ned*, I have nothing to say to the Play, but the Players—Oh! I could dance Attendance, and dangle at the Train of a High Feather, and a Stage Princess (especially that *Phoenix* amongst 'em under the reputation of a Virginity) as contentedly and with as much mortal Resignation for Three whole Hours together, as I could lye a whole Night by her.

N. St. Then all your Patience is not worn out?

Fr. W. Not in a good Cause, *Ned*.

Ned. Nay, if your Delight lies behind the Scenes, you'll have enough on't to Night; for, after the Play's done, I hear the Actors have a general Practice of the Musick and Machines of some part of their New Opera.

Fr. W. Their ~~New World~~ in the Moon.

N. St. Ay, so, I hear, they call it.

Fr. W. But now thou talkest of Plays; prethee, *Ned*, when didst thou see that serious Tragi-comical Face, that unfashionable Spark, young *Palmerin*, with the Beard of Twenty six, and the Sanctity of Nine and sixty.

N. St. Nay Truly, he's not altogether in the modern Mode: For he sets up for Virtue.

Fr. W. Ay by St. *Lucretia*, and for Chastity too. I durst to swear it has it's Madenhead still, a pure male Virgin. For tho' the poor Dog has but bare 200 a Year Annuity, and not Heir to one Groat, (for his prodigal Elder Brother took care of all Reversions) yet I warrant he'd no more Feed one of the hungry Birds at the Court-end of Town, though in the Feathers of a Dutcheß, were it to plume his own Nest to the Tune of a Coach and Six. I wonder we ha'n't him Star gazing this way, up to thy Sisters Window yonder; for I understand he's her sworn Adorer.

N. St. Nay, as you say, He is her true Star-gazer indeed. For my cruel Father has so abdicated the poor Lover, so Banisht and Barr'd all his Approaches, that he Kneels to my Sister like an Indian to the Sun, almost at the same Distance, and yet with the same Warmth.

Fr. W. Nay then I find as cloudy as your Father lours upon him, he has some Dawn of Hopes from her kind Brothers Favour.

N. St. Ay faith, *Frank*, I love the honest Lad so well, that I'd give my Cook upon *Littleton*, and all my whole Temple-Library, that my Father loved him but half so well.

Fr. W. Then if the Old cruel Gentleman once drops off, the kind Young one—

N. St. Will give him my Sister, though I give him half my Estate with her.

Enter Palmerin.

Fr. W. A very generous Gentleman. But see yonder he comes. My Man of Morals.

Pal. My Man of Mode, Your Servant.

Fr. W. Troth *Palmerin*, we were just Talking of thee. For my part I was down right pitying of thee.

Pal. And why pitying me?

Fr. W. Why, only to consider, how thou hadst an elder Brother made a shift
to

to live to melt the last Acre of a 1000 a Year, and yet thou art a greater Prodigal then He

Pal. Nay, Why so, *Frank*?

Fr. W. I'll tell you why. Your Brother, he lived a Gentleman, and only dy'd a Beggar. But thou, with that ragged and starving Companion call'd Conscience at thy Heels, art resolv'd both to Live and Dye one! Nay, and of all Mankind too, why a younger Brother and set up for Virtue?

Pal. And why not a younger Brother?

Fr. W. Oh fye! Why should he profess Virtue, that has nothing but Vice to Live upon? 'Tis enough for Your fat rich Drones, that have neither Mercury in their Heads, nor Warmth in their Veins, for the Diviner Taste of Pleasures, to Dream and Sleep away a Life in lazy drowzy Morals.

Pal. Quite contrary! 'Tis enough for you rich Elder Brothers, that have this World in a String, never to think of the next, whilst we poor Younger Brothers, that have so little share of one, should take care for the other.

N. St. Do you hear that, *Frank*? You had best have a care of him, for he'll be too hard for you else.

Fr. W. Nay he shall never want your good Word at all turns. Oh *Palmerin*, thou hast a stanch Champion of *Ned* here. If all Parties were as well agreed as himself, thou shouldst Marry his Sister to Morrow.

Pal. To her kind Brothers Goodness, I am an eternal Debtor; and only wish I were more in Debt to Heaven: Blest with those smiles of Fortune, to deserve her.

Fr. W. Smiles of Fortune! Why, thou dost not want 'em. Prethee make me thy Confessor, and tell me ingeniously, couldst not thou be contented to Beg with *Jacintha*!

Pal. And what then, Sir!

Fr. W. And Starve too!

Pal. Well, and Starve too.

Fr. W. Then for *Jacintha's* Love, you durst do——

Pal. Any Thing.

Sink, Ruin, Peril: Fate has not that Frown,
Nor Heaven and all its Thunder has that Bolt,
But I could stand 'em all for dear *Jacintha*.

Fr. W. Here's Raptures for you——Then Poor and Fortuneless as you are, you love her so intirely well, that without Consultation of Parents, Obedience, Portion, or Convenience, you could take her Naked and Friendless to your Arms, and Marry her to Morrow?

Pal. No, not so neither.

Fr. W. How: Beg, Starve and Perish for her Sake; and yet not dare to Marry her.

Pal. All this and Ten times more, and yet not dare to Marry her. No, tho' I have Love enough to make my self miserable for her sake; I have too much Love to make her miserable for mine.

Fr. W. Here's your School Distinction in *Cupid's* new Philosophy: But *Palmerin*, considering here's a Father in the Case, that by the Constitution of his Body, may live these 20 Years; for he has a Son here, of thy own Church; neither in

Fee

Fee with his Doctor nor Pothecary : That Tyrant-Father, that whilst his Head's above Ground, will no more give thee *Jacintha*, then he will build Hospitals. Prethee how long then couldst thou be contented to wait for her !

Pal. An Age : A Life Sir.

Fr. W. Why truly that's pretty reasonable Attendance. But how wouldst thou live this long long Age of Patience !

Pal. With Thinking.

I'd remember there's that dear Face in the World: And for want of the Original, wear her Picture at my Heart : Make that one single Thought my whole Cordial of Life : Carry her Memory to my Crutch and my Grave, and tell the Fools of the World, there's one Woman worth dying for.

Fr. W. Here's your *Amadis de Gaul* ; your Lover in Heroicks ! Oh *Palmerin*, *Palmerin*, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy Table of Love ? Canst Feed upon a Thought ; Live upon Hopes ; Feast upon a Look ; Fatten upon a Smile ; and Surfeit and Dye upon a Kiss ! What a Cameleon Lover is a Platonick ?

Pal. Well Sir, as you have spread my Platonick Table : Shall I spread your Libertine one ?

Fr. W. With all my Heart.

Pal. In the first Place, then : A Canine Appetite to prepare your Digestion : Bawds, Panders and Pimps, your Cooks and your Caterers.

Paint, Patch and Infamy, your whole Bill of Fare :

The Goat and the Satyr, to set out the Feast :

The Surgeon and 'Pothecary, to bring in the D'usert :

And Death and the Devil, to sweep off the Fragments.

N. St. Did not I tell you he'd be too hard for you ?

Fr. W. Ay, Pox on him. But come—to the Play *Ned*, to the Play. [*Ex.*

N. St. Ay, Sir, we'll follow you.—*Palmerin*, I have a little Melancholy News for you ; there's a new Rival setting up : You shall have the whole Story as we walk to the Play.

Pal. More persecuting Stars ! more Enemies to Combat !

N. St. No *Palmerin*, more Enemies to Conquer.

Let thy great Cause thy drooping Courage Cheer.

Whilst Love and Truth, thy Champions do appear,

Thy feeble Foes, are all not worth a Fear.

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}

[*Exeunt.*

The Flat-Scene draws, and discovers Three grand Arches of Clouds extending to the Roof of the House, terminated with a Prospect of Cloud-work, all fill'd with the Figures of Fames and *Cupids* ; a Circular part of the back Clouds rolls softly away, and gradually discovers a Silver Moon, near Fourteen Foot Diameter : After which, the Silver Moon wanes off by degrees, and discovers the World within, consisting of Four grand Circles of Clouds, illustrated with *Cupids*, &c. Twelve golden Chariots are seen riding in the Clouds, fill'd with Twelve Children, representing the Twelve Celestial Signs. The Third Arch intirely rolling away, leaves the full Prospect

ter-

terminating with a large Lanshape of Woods, Waters, Towns, &c.
Enter *Cynthia's* Train, being Twenty Singers, and other Retinue.
The following Piece of Musick is Sung.

Composed by Mr. Jeremy Clark.

Within this happy World above,
The Realms of Innocence and Love,
(Love with his Rosy Chaplets crown'd)
Eternal Joy goes round.
Divine *Astrea* higher flew,
To *Cynthia's* brighter Throne :
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon.

Chor. Divine Astrea——

Sound sound the Trumpets, sound
Fair *Cynthia's* Name,
Through all the heavenly Round;
So vast her Empire and so loud her Fame,
Sound that proud triumphant Name,
Sound, sound, for ever sound.

Soft Peace on Earth so rarely shows her Head,
Scarce sound within the Bridal Bed.
We know no Discords, know no Fars,
Unless the gentle amorous Wars :
We fear no Shafis but those that fly
From *Phyllis*, or from *Celia's* Eye ;
Nor Death, but when in melting Charms we die.

Whilst thus our calmer Pleasures flow,
What Storms disturb the Globe below ?
Tempests rattle,
Blood and Battle,
Fire and Ruin, War and Thunder,
Tear the lower World asunder.

Chor. Tempests rattle——

A Dance of Four Swans. To them enter Five green Men, upon which
the Swans take Wing and fly up into the Heavens. The green Men
dance ; which concludes the Act.

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Palmerin and Jacintha.

Pal. **A**ND has thy cruel Father then design'd thee
For the Embraces of Sir *Dottrel Fondlove*?

Jac. Even so; my Fathers Stars have so decreed me
Sir *Dottrel's* honourable Bride and Lady.

Pal. His Bride! His Sacrifice. Thy Virgin Sweets
A Garland for a Tomb!

Nay, cou'd thy barbarous Father find no Rival
To the lost *Palmerin*, but that vile Earthmole?

The Tyrant Lord of all my ruin'd Fortunes,
By the curst Riots of my Elder Brother,
Swallow'd and gorg'd by that devouring Cormorant!

Jac. What frighten'd at a Shadow, such a Rival,
A despicable Muckworm Wretch, fit only
T' affront and loath, and tread beneath my Scorn?

Pal. Oh, thou'rt all Angel-Goodness!

Jac. No, *Palmerin*,

Look in my Face, and mark if thou canst find
One Spark in these young Eyes, fit for a Taper
To light a grunting doating Fool to Bed!
Plant my young Nectars at that cold North-wall, Sir *Dottrel*. No,
I am for the warmer Sunny-side of Love:

One young *Palmerin's* worth twenty old Sir *Dottrel's*.

Pal. What can I do to merit all this Love?

Jac. What have we done to merit this hard Fate?
When all these louring Clouds hang o're our Joys?
I dare not take thee to my Arms. To marry
Without my Fathers leave, that were to lay
My ruin'd Fortunes lower than my *Palmerin's*;
And turn us naked forth to all the Sufferings
Of bleeding Want and Misery.

Pal. Oh Love! to what

Hard Bondage art thou ty'd? That divine Passion,
The noblest Spark of Heav'n, and yet a Slave to Dirt;
When Earth and Muck reign Tyrants o're thy Fate,
But if no Weight but that vile worldly Dross
Can only turn thy Ballance; why, oh why,
Are all those pouring Show'rs of smiling Fortune,
The blind Inheritance of Slaves and Villains;
Whilst poor I groan beneath my niggard Stars?

Jac.

Jac. Come *Palmerin*, ne're despair; but trust to Wit
And Industry to mend our losing Hand !
Fortune drops down to Fools, but wise Men climb up to Fortune.
But this kind Visit must be short : For if
My Father should return and find you here,
Then I am lost : For Locks and Keys, and Jailours,
Would then be all my Portion !

Pal. But, dear Madam,
I have had a lucky Thought. I'll instantly
Transform my self into a *Valer de Chambre*,
Screw me into Sir *Dottrel's* Favour ; and, if possible,
Get me entertain'd his Servant. *Jac.* Excellent !

Pal. By this means, thus disguis'd, and in his Service,
I shall have all th' Access to my *Jacintha*——

Jac. And all the Opportunities to join
Our Heads and Plots to blow the doating Fool up.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Father, and Sir *Dottrel Fondlove*——

Jac. What says the Girl ?

Serv. Are both just at the Door.

Jac. Make haste and slip out at the back Gate.

Pal. The guardian Pow'rs of Truth and Love protect thee.

[*Exit.*

Jac. The Pow'rs of Wit and Woman : I have occasion
For their Protection now.

Enter Mr. Deputy, and Sir Dottrel.

Mr. Dep. Well Son (for so I'll call you)
You have my free Consent to wed my Daughter.

Sir Dot. I am the happiest Man.

Mr. Dep. If she can make ye so——
Daughter, you see your Husband.

Jac. Bless my Eye-sight.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Dep. Once more I bid you think of being a Lady——

Jac. To that fusty piece of Knighthood. Honour } *Aside*
And old Bones, a Sackful.

Mr. Dep. I need say no more.
You know my Pleasure, and your own best Choice :
As you embrace his Love, you shall have mine.

Jac. Sir, I was born all yours : My Hand and Heart then
Must be no less than part of my Obedience.

Mr. Dep. Well ; thou sayst well——*Sir Dottrel*, may I venture
To trust my Daughter with you all alone ?

Jac. By my Virginity, a desperate Venture ! } *Aside*
He looks so like a *Tarquin*.

Sir Dot. Venture me !——Ay Sir, ne're fear me ; I shall be so tender of her ;
Use her so very gently.

C

Jac.

(18)
Jac. That I'll swear for thee.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Mr. Deputy.*]

Sir Dor. Madam !

Jac. Sir !

Sir Dor. Your Father gives me leave to tell you——

Jac. News, Sir ?

Sir Dor. News, Chicken ! Ay, and I hope no unwelcome News,
That the rich Alderman, *Sir Dottrel Fondlove*,
Is fair *Jacintha's* passionate humble Servant.
I must confess I am sorry——

Jac. That I am his Daughter ?

Sir Dor. Sorry, you are his Daughter !

Jac. Ay, all the Reason in the World. It had been
Much happier for me to have been his great Grand-mother :
To have been so much worthier of such
A reverend humble Servant as *Sir Dottrel*.

Sir Dor. You are pleas'd to be merry, sweet Lady.

Jac. Not over-merry, Sir, in such dull Company.

Sir Dor. Nay, Chicken, be not angry at the Matter :
I mean all honourable, to make a Wife of thee.

Jac. A Wife ! A Crutch, a quilted Cap, and Cawdle !

Sir Dor. How's this ?

Jac. Thy mouldy Chops water at Wedlock !
Turn o're thy Bills, thy Bonds, and Judgments :
Thy Statutes, and thy Mortgages, old Mammon :
They are better Reading for thy old Spectacles
Than Matrimony. And if 'tis possible for an old Usurer
To hope for Salvation, and sham the Devil,
Build Alms-houses, old Thirty *per Cent.* and then die,
And sleep with thy Fore-fathers, if ever thou hadst any :
For by thy Looks, thou might'st be *Adam's* Elder Brother.

Sir Dor. Oh the Vengeance ! What's all this ! Why 'tis I, Child :
Sir Dottrel ; the Man that must love thee,
And marry thee, and make a Lady of thee.

Jac. Yes, thou shalt marry me : But if thou dost ;
By this good Light, I'll make a Monster of thee
Thy very Wedding-day ; and graft thy Forehead,
With such a pair of terrible Brow-antlers,
That both thy Wedding-sheets shall not be large enough
To make a Night-cap for thee.

Sir Dor. Oh my Ears ! my Eyes ! my Senses !

Jac. And then when I have marry'd thee, and reign
The Sovereign Mistress of thy Chests and Coffers,
And keep the Keys of all thy hoarded Muck,
I'll set thy Gold a flying. By this Hand,
I'll put up thy whole Bags to an Inch of Candle ;
Theirs and thy Snuff both to drop out together.

Sir Dor. Why, thou Termagant,
All this to a Man of Five thousand a Year !

Jac.

Jac. All in dirty Acres ! Ay, that I want, Sir.
Do you find Acres, and I'll find you Heirs for 'em :
For if there be

One hungry younger Brother in Three Kingdoms,
One keen stomach'd Captain in the whole Army,
Or one kind Cuckold-maker in both the Play-houses ;
Thou shalt have Sons and Daughters, Heirs and grand Heirs,
But no more Kin to Thee, then thou'rt to Honesty.

Sir Dot. Oh intolerable ! This is beyond all mortal Patience.
But dost thou think if I were marry'd to thee,
That I'd live to bear all this ?

Jac. Live ! No ; thou wouldst not have the Impudence to think of Living.
Live ! why I'd break thy Heart in the first Fortnight.
Thou shouldst not live out half the Hony-moon.
Nay, I'd bespeak the very Penny-pot Poets that writ
Thy *Epithalamium*, for the Rhime-Doggrel for thy Elegy ;
And set by the whole Remnants of thy Wedding-dinner,
For Hot-suppings at thy Funeral.

Sir Dot. Oh the Devil !

Jac. Thy old Bones in my young Bonds of Matrimony, and live !
Thou shouldst no more hope to live than a Fish in a Bird-cage.
Nay, if neither hard Meat, cold Comfort, warm Cuckoldom,
Nor nothing else would dispatch thee ;
I'd keep open House to all the Beaus in the Town,
And choak thee with Powder and Essences.

Sir Dot. Why thou impudent Harlotry young Gypsey, dost thou know
Who I am, and what I am, that thou usest me thus unmercifully ?

Jac. Know who and what thou art ! Why, I'll tell thee what thou art.
Thou art a Load of Diseases ; as Crazy as thy Understanding ;
As Deaf as thy Charity ; As blind as thy Ignorance ;
As Mouldy as thy Prayer-books, as cold as thy Religion ;
As Rusty as thy Coffers, and as Rotten as thy Conscience
Thou'rt a Scarecrow to Flesh and Blood ; an Antidote to Love :
Hast been dead to Womankind these Fifty Years,
Bury'd in Searcloth and Tunnel Threescore,
And cheated the Worms and the Devil a whole Hundred.
Does thy Cozening Lawyer want a *Memento Mori* ?
The Scrivener dried Parchment for thy Mortgages ?
Thy Surgeon want a Skeleton ? thy 'Pothecary a Mummy ?
And thy Brother *Belzebub* a Broker's Shop ?
Thy Lumber-house of Antiquity would furnish 'em all.

Sir Dot. I can hold no longer — Why Sir — Mr. Deputy — Where are
you — Come to my Deliverance — I shall be Murder'd — I shall be Ravish'd.
I shall be —

Enter Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Dep. Why, what's the Matter here ?

Sir Dor. The Matter ! Never was poor Man so abused as I have been.

Mr. Dep. Who has abused you ?

Sir Dor. Who ! that young *Proserpine*, that Satan in High-toppings, that She-Devil in Petticoats.

Mr. Dep. Who ; my Daughter ?

Sir Dor. Ay, your Daughter ; if she be your Daughter.

Mr. Dep. If she be my Daughter !

Sir Dor. Ay, if she be ! For if the great Whore-master General, the old Serpent, did not wriggle himself to Bed to her Mother ; and did not get that She-Cockatrice for you ; but she is your own true natural Flesh and Blood : Then I do tell you that wicked, that ungodly, that audacious Daughter of yours has used me so barbarously —

Mr. Dep. How barbarously ?

Sir Dor. Why she has fallen upon me as unmercifully, as a whole Army of bloody Pilgrims and black Bills ; has called me as many several old Rogues, as there are hard Names in a Welch Pedigree : And that if I marry her, she swears, That she'll lie with all the young Fellows within the Four Seas, by Land and by Water, till she has grafted me a pair of Horns, udsbud, like the Popes Crown, Three Stories high.

Mr. Dep. And has my Daughter say you —

Jac. Not one Word of all this — I was a telling him, how some young Hufseys would use a reverend old Gentleman to their Husband : A parcel of mad wild Gilfirts, that like nothing but Boys and Beaus, and Powder and Paint, and Fool and Feather. But for me, I that had been bred up in a sober Family, the Daughter of a worthy grave Citizen ; I was for no Husband but *Sir Doretwell* ; a Person of his honourable Years and Character : That his Age might be a Guide to my Youth : His Wisdom to my Folly ; his Gravity to my Vanity. I told him, how I should love him and cherish him ; make his Spoon-meats, sugar his Caudles, be his Lady, his Maid, and his Nurse : Warm his Bed, creep to his Arms, sleep in his Bosom ; and make him the lovingest, the kindest, and the fondest Wife in the whole World.

Sir Dor. Oh Impudence ! Impudence ! Impudence ! Why did'st thou say one word of all this Gibberish ?

Jac. No : But I was going to say it all ; only you had not the Patience to stay to hear me.

Sir Dor. Patience, in the Devil's Name !

Jac. You naughty Man, you ! I was just opening my kind Lips with all the sweetest Breath of Love, to say a thousand tenderest kindest Things — But you — To stop my Mouth, to shut your Ears, and run away from me ! To tell my Father all this barbarous Tale, of the poor innocent *Jacintha* !

Sir Dor. Avaunt Satan ! Take away thy Cloven Foot, and give me Air : Thy Breath's all Charcoal and Brimstone ; and Mercy, Mercy ; save me, save me, save me !

[Exit.]

Mr. Dep. Come, my young Gypsey, all this Mask of Innocence shan't serve your turn. I am afraid —

Jac. Of nothing but a Shadow.

Mr.

Mr. Dep. How ! All this hideous Out-cry but a Shadow ?

Jac. 'Tis all a meer Mistake.

Mr. Dep. Mistake!

Jac. Nothing, but a Mistake. Can I find young Ears to his old Head, or mend his crazy-Intellects ?

Mr. Dep. Come, my young Minx, as you expect my Blessing, or hope t'enjoy one Rag of my Estate, mend this bad Mornings-work ; or—— [Exit.

Jac. May I never hope to be a Lady.——

Well, I will blow this Fool up, if my Mines
Do but stand fast. 'Tis true, 'tis not so honourable
To jilt him as I do——Can I jilt him ?

No, 'tis impossible : When old dry Bones
Would match with young warm Veins, I only stand
Upon my lawful Guard ; my brisk Nineteen
To jilt his Ninety nine, no Fault can be :
No ; 'tis his Ninety nine that would jilt me. [Exit.

The Scene the World in the Moon.

Enter Wildblood, Ned Stanmore and Tom. Joe Hayns meets 'em.

Fr. W. My old Friend Joe !

N. St. Noble Count Hayns !

Hayns. My worthy Patrooms.

Fr. W. Well, how goes the World, honest Fortune-teller ?

Hayns. Dully, heavily, Gentlemen ! 'Tis a base World, a poor undone World. In short, betwixt Plots, Wars and Beggary, it has been cramp'd, plagu'd and pox'd ; and is now going into a high Course of Phisick, a General Peace, to Flux, grow sober, and live honest.

N. St. Nay, now thou talkst like a Cosmographer.

Hayns. Look ye, Sir, I treat the World as the World treats me ; no Love lost between us.

Fr. W. Well, Joe, we'll let the great Stage, the World, alone, to rub on ; and talk of the little Stage, the Play-house here : Prithee, when does the Rehearsal begin ?

Hayns. Oh presently, Gentlemen ; presently.

N. St. But what's the Reason we do not see thee in thy Pontifical Robes ? Hast thou no Part in this Opera ?

Hayns. I a Part in an Opera ! What an *Endymion*, a *Cupid*, a King *Oberon* !

Tom. stares him in the Face.

Who have we here ? Does he belong to you ?

Fr. W. A small Tenant of mine——Prithee Joe give him a Cast of thy Rhetorick ; a little piece of Banter.

Hayns. Say you so?——*Ilustro, grando signioro* ; most noble Squire, I am your most humble Servant.

Tom. Squire ! what does the Man mean ? Zooks, do I look like a Squire ? why, I am *Tom. Dawkins*, the Farmer's Son of *Buckingham*. The noble Squire ye Fool, is his Worship my Landlord. *Hayns*

Hayns, Cry you Metey, Gaset Sir.

Fr. W. Hark ye, Joe; Prithet manage this Country-blockhead a little. Canst thou mount him into a Machine, or drop him into a Trap?

N. St. Ay, Joe; thou hast had a rare Hand at that sort of Management: Some of thy Legerdemain would do rarely. A little Farce to your Opera, will make the Rehearsal better than the Play.

Hains, Enough, Gentlemen; I have my Instructions——But h'ft, the Musick's just beginning. [Exit.

Wildblood and Stanmore sit on the Stage, whilst the Entertainment is perform'd; Tom. standing behind 'em.

During a Symphony of Musick, a Palace of Cynthia, near Twenty Foot high, appears within the Clouds; supported upon Twelve Pillars of Lapis Lazari; fluted with golden Darts, shafted and plumed with Silver; the Capitals, Bases, and all the Enrichment of the Roof and the Etableture of Silver.

Enter the Court of Cynthia.

The Entertainment Composed by Mr. Daniel Purcel.

C Come all you Nymphs of Cynthia's Train,
That tread the Azure Plain,
That melt your Hours,
And tune your Loves,
In rosy Bow'rs,
Immortal Groves:

*Come all, come all, come all, and join,
In some new Ayrs divine.*

*Nymphs. We come, we come; we need no more.
Then see that ever-sovereign Pow'r,
Our bended Knees adore.*

Chor. We come, &c.

*To Cynthia then our Homage pay,
And dedicate th' eternal Day:
Her Praises move the heavenly Round,
Her Songs with Jo Pœans crown'd,
Up to her Brother's Throne shall sound.*

Chor. Her Praises, &c.

A Dance of Eight Figures.

The

(17)
A C T III.

SCENE Mr. Deputy's House.

Enter Sir Dottrel and Palmerin, now call'd Shackarel, Sir Dottrel's Man. Palmerin advances half way cross the Stage, with a Candle before his Master.

Sir Dot. Certainly this young Witch must have some Charm upon me; for now can I no more forbear running to this fair Destructive, than a Squirrel into the Mouth of a Rattle-snake; for I must see her again. 'Tis true, 'tis a little of the latest to make Visits at this time of Night; and yet who knows but 'tis the best Hour of teaching coy Girls to speak Sense, as young Sterlings to talk English, at sleeping time.

Pal. Oh Sir, the rarest Discovery.

Sir Dot. Ha! what's the Matter?

Pal. Only yonder's your Mistress, all in Darkness, alone in her Closet, upon her Knees, at Pray'rs, Sir.

Sir Dot. At Pray's! why has she the Confidence to look Heav'n in the Face, after this Mornings wickedness. — But take away the Candle, Sirrah; and slip into the next Room —

Pal. Why what are you going to do? I hope your Worship will not be so rude, as to disturb her Devotion.

Sir Dot. No; but my Worship will be so rude, as to listen to her Devotion. And so get you gone, you Rascal. [*Exit Palmerin with the Candle.*] Now will I steal to her Closet-door, and hear what kind of Pray'rs she makes; for by the number of her sins, here will be a swinging Confession — Now, if my old Ears don't fail me — [*Palmerin, as soon as he has carried out the Candle, returns, and steals by his Master cross the Stage; and enters with Jacintha, at the furthest Door. She Laughs entering.*]

Sir Dot. So merry at her Devotion! — [*She Laughs agen.*] Pray'rs!

Jac. I have laugh'd till my Sides ache! Such an old Fool. [*Smiling.*]

Sir Dot. Ha! *Pal.* Such a Cudden of Four-score? [*Smiling.*]

Sir Dot. Death and Goblins! what's here?

Jac. Such a Tool of a Husband! [*Smiling.*]

Pal. Such an Animal for a City Monster!

Sir Dot. Pray'rs! in the Devils Name.

Pal. And wilt thou make a reverend Dormouse of him, to sleep, and snort and snore; whilst we embrace, and sport and toy —

Jac. Sleep, while we embrace; sleep! no, he shall wake and see it all. By this good Night, I'll make him that tame horn'd Beast, that he shall lock the Door, hold the Candle, and light us to Bed.

Sir Dot. Shall he so, Gypsey?

Jac. Such a contented Monster, he shall buy him a new pair of Spectacles to see

see how close we Kifs together; nay, hang my whole Bed-chamber like a Beau's Dressing-room, all round with Looking-glasses, to see how his Horns become him.

[*Laughing.*]

Sir Dot. Jilts, Traytors——But I'll contain my self. One Minutes Patience more; and then, my Brace of Firebrands——

Jac. Oh we have melted in ten thousand Raptures, dissolv'd in Bliss, and surfeited in Pleasure. But come, my Love, come to my Arms once more. Oh, I'll be kinder than the Flow'r o'th' Sun; throw open all my Bosom and my Charms, to thy warm Joys.

Pal. My Life, my Soul, my Heaven. [*Kissing each their own Hand.*]

Sir Dot. Before my Face! nay then——Whores, Rogues, Witches! have I caught ye?

[*Running to seize him, but catches her.*]

Jac. I am betray'd and ruin'd——Fly, my Dear; leap out oth' Window, climb up the Chimney; save, save my Honour: I would not have my Father see you for ten thousand Worlds. [*Holding him fast, with one Hand cross his Mouth.*]

Sir Dot. Help, Murder Treason; stop, stop Thief.

Jac. Stop your bawling Throat.

Re-enter Palmerin with a Candle, at which she lets him go.

Pal. Did you call, Sir?

Sir Dot. Call, Rascal! Ay, where were you, you Dog, that you came no sooner?

Enter Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Dep. What's the Noise here?

Sir Dot. Oh, Sir, here has been galloping Doings.

Mr. Dep. What Doings?

Sir Dot. What? why, here has been the great Devil, and all the little Devils at Hot-cockles; and Belzebub and his Dam at Early-break.

Mr. Dep. Hey day, what's all this?

Sir Dot. Here has been the whole Tribe and Generation of Whoredom and Rognedom, and Horndom and Cuckoldom; and so much Impudence, as has almost struck me deaf, blind and dumb.

Mr. Dep. What do you mean, Sir?

Sir Dot. Mean? why here has been a young Belswagger, a great He-Rogue, with your Daughter, Sir.

Mr. Dep. My Daughter!

Jac. With me!

Sir Dot. With thee——thou Imp of Satan!

Jac. All this to me; to me, thou barbarous Man. Oh Sir, believe him not; all meer wild Distraction. Alas, Sir, I was on my bended Knees to Heaven!

Sir Dot. Heav'n! O lo, Heav'n!

Jac. With all my kindest Pray'rs, to make me blest in dear *Sir Dottrel's* Arms; beseeching all the Pow'rs of Love to crown our nuptial Joys, with a fair sweet Fire-side, all pretty Lambs, his own dear Pictures; hononrable as their Father, and virtuous as their Mother.

Sir Dot. Ooh—— [*Groaning.*]

Jac.

Jac. All the true Patterns of my own sweet Innocence—And base, false Man, is this th' unkind Return—

Sir Dor. Oh Sir, Sir; never was such a hideous Pack of all Romance, Cheats, Villany; as I am an Alderman, an honourable Merchant of the City, that never told Lie in my whole Life (except at the Change or Custom-house;) I tell you, Sir, once more, here was a Rascal here, a young Rascal, and a Rampant Rascal; I heard him, caught him, nay and had seiz'd him too, but that young Traiteurs flew in my Face, took me by the Throat, stopt my Mouth—Bid her young Ruffian leap out oth' Window, climb the Chimny—

Jac. Oh, my chaste Ears!

Mr. Dep. *Sir Dottrel*, I am ashamed of you. Leap out oth' Window, climb the Chimny; when my Windows are lock'd and bolted, and I have the Keys in my Pocket. My Chimney's all Iron-grated, scarce room for a Swallow's Nest: My Doors all barr'd and chain'd; and a Man in my House, at this time of Night, without my Knowledge, when I have ten thousand Pound in Gold and Jewels by me? Oy fy, *Sir Dottrel*, fy; you make me blush for you.

Sir Dor. Do you all conspire against me? I have Witnesses; I'll prove what I have said. Here's my Man *Shackarel* shall swear it all—Come, Sirrah, upon the Oath you have taken, do you know the Prisoner at the Bar?

Pal. Yes, very well.

Sir Dor. Were not you all the while in the next Room by her?

Pal. I was, Sir.

Sir Dor. And you heard all?

Pal. Heard! what Sir?

Sir Dor. Heard what Sir? Why her Prayers, (as she calls 'em) her Witches Litany, that she and her young *Mephistophilus* were conjuring together.

Pal. Conjuring and *Mephistophilus*! Mercy upon us; what do you mean?

Sir Dor. Mean! why did you hear nothing?

Pal. Not a Syllable.

Sir Dor. How, Sirrah?

Pal. I hear! Alas, Sir, what had I to do hear? I was bred more a Gentleman, and have better Manners than to be an Evef-dropper.

Sir Dor. A plague o' your Gentility. But Sirrah, Rascal, Hang-dog, where were your Ears, you Scoundrel? 'Twas impossible but you must hear her—

Pal. Not one word, Sir.—Alas, Sir, I was at my own Pray'rs; and had more serious Meditations of my own, than to listen to hers.

Jac. Ay, now you see my Innocence appears, when his own Witnesses confront his Falshood. Nay, Sir, just such another false Alarm, was his last hideous Out-cry.

Mr. Dep. All Distraction: Ay, my dear Child, 'tis now too plain.

Sir Dor. Sir, on my Knees I swear, in the great Presence—

Jac. Oh, have a care—

Sir Dor. All I have said is the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth; so help me—

Jac. Yet hold, Sir: Do you know the frightful Sin of Perjury—
I would not have you Forsworn—

Sir Dor. Forsworn!

Jac. Not for a thousand Kingdoms.——Oh, Sir *Dottrel*, though you have used me barbarously, yet still I love you but too well; have a more tender Kindness for you, then to let you hazard your sweet precious Soul.

Sir Dot. Syren and Crocadile! Madam, a word with you. Are not you a Monster?

[*Aside to her.*

Jac. No; but I've taken care to make You a Monster.

[*Aside to him.*

Sir Dot. Do you hear that, Sir; now she confesses all.

Jac. Confesses! 'Las, poor Gentleman, I pity him. I fear he has sat up too late, and want of Sleep makes him talk idly. Go, Sir *Dottrel*, go home to Bed and Rest. To Morrow Morning you'll come and ask me Pardon for your Folly; and I am that good-natur'd Thing, I vow, I shall forgive you all.

Mr. Dep. Forgive him! no; 'tis too much Mercy; more than he has deserv'd.

Jac. Nay, Sir, don't you be angry with him too. It is enough I chide him for his Faults.

Sir Dot. Daughter and Father; *Jezabel* and *Lucifer*! Rogues, Whores, and Jilts; and all your Shams, Plots, Treasons; your Race, your Family, your whole Generation, all to the Devil; and so good Night to you.

[*Exit with Palmerin.*

Jac. Ay, do you hear him now? Is this a Husband for your *Jasmin*? True, I could have lov'd him, had he deserv'd it: But such hideous Jealousies, such Dreams, such wild Chimera's; who can bear them?

Mr. Dep. No more, my Child, I own I've been too blame; I'll be no more a Tyrant, but a Father.

Jac. Nay, then you are all Goodness.

Enter Palmerin.

Pal. Your Doors are lockt, Sir, and we want your Hand.

Mr. Dep. Yes, honest *Shackarel*, I'll release your mad Man. [Exit with Palm.

Jac. So; I have conjur'd down th' old Haunting-Devil,

And now to raise the younger Sprights of Love!

Some magick Spell to circle in my *Palmerin*

Safe in my Father's Heart, and in my Arms:

'Tis that last Conjunction crowns my Charms.

[Exit.

The Scene draws, and discovers a magnificent Pallace, consisting of Seven Arches, extending near Thirty Foot high, the Pillars of which are white twisted Marble; the Capitals, Bases and Girdles circuled with Foliage, Fruitage, *Cupids* and Coronets of Gold; the whole entire Roof of all these Arches enrich'd with Pannels, Mouldings, and carved Flowers of Gold; the Visto continued with a new Order of *Dorick* Pillars of *Egyptian* Marble, terminating with a Triumphant Arch.

Enter

Enter Tom. like a Beau, Wildblood, Stanmore, and Hayns.

Fr. W. I wish you Joy : You are the happy Man.

N. St. Ay, Sir, 'tis you that conquer all the Beauties.

Tom. And does this little Foppety Queen so love me, say ye?

Hayns, Love you ! Why, she'll make a little Emperor of you.

Tom. An Emperor ! O lo !

Hayns, Pshaw nothing Sir, nothing ; an Emperor ! she'll make you—let me see what will she make ye ? —A Great Mogul, a Crim Tartar, a Lord Mufsi : Oh the Devil and all, Sir.

Tom. All these great Folks together, and the Devil and all too ?

Hayns, Ay, ay, Sir ; all.

Tom. Limini ! what a swinging great Fellow shall be !

N. St. Ay, Sir, you see how Fortune smiles upon ye.

Fr. W. You have the Ladies Hearts.

Tom. Squire—don't be daunted, bear a good Heart. I shall be a Great Gull, a Grum Cartar, a Lord Monkey, and the Devil and all : But—you shall find me civil.

Fr. W. Oh Sir, we thank you for this gracious Favour.

N. St. We shall be proud to be your humble Servants.

Tom. Servants ! Now you talk on't, I shall want some such sort of paltry Fellows about me ; and—let me see—I'll have—Squires to my Footmen, and Knights for my Pages—And—

Fr. W. What shall we be ?

Tom. Lords, Gentlemen ; Lords. I'll make you two Lords.

N. St. This is a Grace too great.

Tom. Lords, both Lords. What a swinging great Fellow shall I be ?

Hayns, But see, she comes.

Enter Cynthia's Train.

Tom. Comes ! I gad and so she does.

The Musick set by Mr. Daniel Purcel.

Look round, look round, and here behold,
Fair Cynthia's shining Roof of Gold ;
Bright as the blushing Morning's Beams,
And spangl'd like her Heaven with Gems :
So high, its towering Head it shrouds,
Above the Clouds ;
And all her glitt'ring Turrets rise,
To kiss the Skies.

And

*And now within her smiling Sphere,
To feast her Eye, and charm her Ear ;
We'll call some airy Forms to play,
And dance the jovial Hours away.*

*If airy Forms can dance the measure,
We have those Delights can please her ;
For oh ! we'll raise up from below,
That Thing of Air, they call a BEAU.*

*Then Cynthia's Revels to attend,
Ascend, ye empty Forms, ascend :
Ascend, and dance your airy Round,
Ye Forms made up of Breath and Sound.*

Chor. *Ascend, &c.*

Two BEAU's arise from under the Stage ; to whom enter Two
Young Ladies, and dance.

A Dialogue between Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Lucas.

Mrs. Cross. *O*H dear, sweet Sir, you look so gay,
So fair ; you steal my Heart away :
That Mien, that Shape, that Face, that Air——

Mrs. Lucas. *What does the Creature say ?*

Cross. *In those sweet Eyes such Charms I see,
They wound, they kill ; they wound, they slay :*

Lucas. *Alas, such little Things as Thee,
I kill a score a Day.*

Cross. *Oh turn but one kind Look on me,
My racking Pains to view ;*

Lucas. *No foolish, prating Thing, you see,
I have something else to do.*

Cross. *Then cannot you love ?*

Lucas. *No, no ; not I.*

Cross. *This too unkind Requital :
Ah Cruel ! can you see me die ?*

Lucas. *I care not, stop my Vital.*

Cross. *Nay, if I can't your Love subdue,
But find your Heart so coy ;
By Jove, I'll be a Beau, like you,
And make my Glass my Joy.*

Lucas. *But Time perhaps——*

Cross. *Nay, now I've done.*

Lucas. *These Women act by Spight all ;
You should not fly, when I come on :*

Cross. *I care not, stop my Vital.*

[*Exeunt Cynthia's Train.*

Tom.

Tom. Gone ! Gone ! and not said one word !

Hayns. Oh Lord, Sir, she's only gone to drop off her Company, and will be here again in the turning of a Pancake, all alone, in your Arms, Sir, your Arms.

Tom. Sayst thou so, old Boy ?

[*Enter a Player, and whispers Mr. Hayns.*]

Hayns. Sir, here's his Mother at the Door, [To Wildblood] with a whole Kennel at her Heels, all upon the Hunt for their Booby.

Fr. W. Oh prithee *Joe* let her in—Here will be such a comical Greeting betwixt the Cub and the Dam, to see her Baboon so sparkified.

N. Sr. Oh an excellent Scene, no doubt on't. But our Company will spoil all ; and therefore we'll march off, give him a clear Stage, and so take the pleasure of peeping behind the Curtain—Well, noble Prince, our Company will but hinder your Joys in your dear Princess Arms ; and therefore we'll humbly take our leaves.

Tom. Ay, ay, troop Vermine, troop ; our Queen and I must be private. A Queen ! a Lady ! a Princess ! Now shall I be the Devil knows what.

[*Exeunt Wildblood, Stanmore, and Hayns.*]

Enter Mrs. Sufan.

Suf. Ha ! my Cousin *Tommy*. What do I see ? Ay, ay, 'tis he.

Tom. What a swinging great Fellow shall I be ?

Enter Widow, and a Country-man.

Suf. Oh Aunt, Aunt ! the rarest sight : Yonder's my Cousin *Tommy* as fine as a little Prince ; so gay, so rich, so pretty ; I vow and swear it does me almost as much good as a young Husband, to see him look so sweetly.

Wid. Bless me, my Son !

Countrym. Son ! Neighbour ! I gad chi may be the Sun in the Firmament, by the shining on't.

Wid. My Boy ! 'tis impossible.

Suf. Nothing impossible in this Town of *London*. Why, I was a Princess my self, no longer ago than last *Valentine's Day*, in my Lord *Prettyman's* Chamber.

Wid. Son ; Son *Tommy* !

Tom. A Great Gull, a Grum Cartar, a Lord Monkey.

Wid. What says the Boy ?

Tom. My Queen, my Princess ; come to my Arms, my Arms, my little Gypsey.

Suf. Oh Aunt, Aunt, I have found it out. May I never be Kiss'd between sleeping and waking, if I don't believe some great Lady is fain in Love with him.

Wid. Lady !

Suf. And, Blessing of her Heart, has dress'd him thus Fine, to make a Man of him.

Wid. Make a Man of my Infant ! Mercy upon us ; what says the Wench ? Ay, ay, 'tis so : Undone, undone ! my Boy, my poor Boy—

Suf. Why, what's the matter, Aunt ?

Wid. Oh Cousin, Cousin ; some wicked lewd Jezabel has debauch'd my Lamb, my

my Infant, my Dilling; debauch'd him, whor'd him, ravish'd him: Ay, ay, they have found him out; but Whores, Jades, Witches, I shall spoil your sport——Why, Sirrah, Dog, Puppy.

Tom. I will so tumble her and rumble her; and rowze her and touze her ——

Wid. Will you so, Rascal. [*Snatches off his Wig.*] *Tom.* O lo!

Wid. Why Varlet, Villain, Scoundrel; who the Devil's your Taylor? who made you this Bully? But I'll thunder you out of your Whore's Livery.

Suf. Oh fye, Aunt, do not disparage the Ladies Favours.

Wid. Favours! Ay, I'll favour him with a Vengeance. But come, Neighbour, lend me your Hand. Come, strip Vermin, strip; uncase Rascal, uncase.

[*The Widow and Country-man pull off his Cloaths.*]

Tom. Help, murder; Thieves, Thieves; Help, help.

Wid. Ay, roar Bull, roar. Did I pay my Landlord Forty good Pounds for you this Morning, ye ungrateful Varlet, to set up for a Bully, a Royster, a Rogue, a Tory! But here's some of my Mony again; I'll carry these to the Brokers, and let your Whores buy you more.

Tom. Rob'd, kill'd, murder'd! Thieves, Thieves; stop Thieves.

Enter Wildblood and Stanmore.

Fr. W. What's the Matter, here?

Wid. My Landlord!

Tom. Oh, Sir, she has rob'd me! Call a Judge, and carry her before a Constable; I'll have her hang'd.

Fr. W. How, hang your Mother?

Tom. Ay, hang her, Sir; she's a Thief and a Witch, and a Crocodile; she has rob'd me, and strip'd me, and bound me and gag'd me, and thrown me into a Ditch: I'll swear it all point-blank against her; and if there be ever a Gallows in Forty Miles round, I'll hang her my self.

Wid. Ay, Sir, do you hear the Rebel? Oh Landlord, never had poor Woman such a graceless Brat. Look ye, Sir, is this Pound of Whore's Hair, and this Load of Foppery, a Garb for honest *Barnaby Dawkins's* Son? Nay, have I bred him up to his Catechize and Pfalter; carried him to Church with me twice a Day, and now to have him debauch'd, defiled? Nay, and a young Rogue too, not full One and twenty. Ah, Sir, had he had the Grace to follow my steps, he would never have stray'd thus wickedly. I am sure his poor Mother was never debauch'd till many a fair Day after his Age. To my sorrow, I saw almost full Thirty before I could say Black's Black. But a young Rogue, to run after Jades, Sluts, Trulls——

Tom. Sluts and Trulls! what my Princess! Do you hear that, Sir: Bear witness, Gentlemen; I'll swear High Treason against her.

N St. Come, no more Noise; all shall be mended.

Fr. W. And, Widow, I'll answer for your Boy, and his Honesty: And so pray give him his Cloaths again: They are only a small Token of my Favour.

Wid. Ay, with all my Heart, and Heav'n's bless your Worship. Here Tommy.

[*Gives him his Cloaths.*]

Tom. Uh! Thief.

[*Puts them on.*]

Wid. And is my Boy honest? And did your Worship give him all these fine Cloaths?

Cloaths? Bless your sweet Eyes fort. Nay, my Boy well drest and trimm'd, and spruc'd, has the Countenance of a Gentleman. I assure you, Sir, though I say it, he has very good Blood in his Veins: For I'll tell you, Sir, your Worship's good Father (Heaven rest his Soul) lay at my House, that very Day four Months before I quicken'd of my *Tommy*. I remember't to an hour. Ah Squire, he was a good Man, and such a very kind Landlord——

N. St. Death, Frank! she'll claim Kindred with thee, and make her Booby thy Brother anon.

Fr. W. Gad, I think so too. Well, Widow, if you dare trust me with your Boy; I'll answer for his good Behaviour.

Wid. Trust the noble Squire! Ay, with my Virginity. How sweetly my Blossom, my Bud, looks: It becomes him so prettily, that I vow I must kiss my Kid; I can't forbear. [*Kisses Tom.*]

Tom. Kifs! *Judas!*

Fr. W. Nay, Squire, if you should carry him to a young Girl, of your Worship's Acquaintance, in a civil way; no Disparagement, my Bird, my Cockarel, he's a true Game-breed, Sir; will shame neither Father nor Mother; and I'll turn him loose in any Ground in Christendom. And so Squire, your Servant. *Tommy*, Day, day; day, day. [*Exit Widow and Susan.*]

Tom. Ay march, troop; shew your Shapes.

Enter Hayns.

Oh are you come! well; where's my Princess?

Hayns, Your Princess——

Tom. My dear hony Queen.

Hayns, Why, she's gone, Sir.

Tom. Gone! gone!

Hayns, March'd, gone, gallop'd away, as fast as a Coach and six Horses could drive her.

Tom. Nay, I hope you do but tell me so.

Hayns, Why what should she do here? Here was a roaring *Billingsgate*, bawling Sow——

Tom. My Mother!

Hayns, So frighten'd her out of her Princely Wits, that she's gone, clear gone.

Tom. Here's fine Work! Do you see now, do you see what you have done? You would not have her hang'd; no, not you. Oh unfortunate, unfortunate! Here should I have been a Great Gull, and a Lord Monky; and now shall I be nothing but little sneaking *Tom. Dawkins*.

Fr. W. Nay, this is a little too hard.

Tom. Hard! why 'tis Fire and Gun-powder! the Devil and *Dr. Foster!* Mothers! a plague of all sucking Bottles, if these be your Mothers. But you would not have her hang'd. Udsooks, had she been hang'd seven Years before I was born, it had been the happiest Day I had ever seen in my Life.

Hayns, Come, Spark, not quite to break your Heart; your Princess will be here again to morrow.

Tom. Ha: dear hony Boy, to morrow!

Hayns, You'll be here next Rehearsal, and bring your Fool again?

Fr. W. Ay, ay.

Hayns, Let me alone to manage him.

Tom. But will my little Princess——

E

Hayns,

Hayns, Be here again to morrow.

Tom. And shall her Great Gull——

Hayns, Have her in your Arms; sleep with her, wake with her, dream with her, go to Bed to her; kiss her, love her, lie by her——

Tom. How! go to Bed with her?

Hayns, All in your Arms. The tenderest, softest, kindest, melting ——

Tom. Hah!

Hayns, A clear fair Stage, Sir, and from you no Quarter;
And fall aboard her like a——

Tom. Great Grum Carter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

The Scene a Wood, near Thirty Foot high, the Paintings meeting in Circle; all the Side-Pieces and Back-Scene cut through, to see a farther Prospect of a Wood, continued to the Extent of the House. An Imperial Bed appears on the Stage of Crimson Silk, enrich'd and furl'd with Gold, and other Ornaments; with a Bed and rich Counterpane, *Tom*. lying in it.

Enter Wildblood, Stanmore and Hayns.

Hayns, **A**ND how do you like your Lodging, noble Prince?

Tom. Oh daintily, daintily: But when will she come? when will she come? dear Boy.

Hayns, Oh in three Minutes: Till then she has commanded me to entertain you with a Dance.

Tom. A pox o' Dancing: I want my Queen.

Hayns, Oh fye, Sir; her Majesty never goes to Bed without a Dance.

Tom. Say you so? what a capering young Gipsy shall I have? and how shall we Two Frisk it together!

Two Dancers enter, who are immediately interrupted by Thunder.

Tom. O Lord! [*The Bed and all the Furniture drops down under the Stage.*]

Tom. Oh the Devil, the Devil, the Devil: Help, Murder, Murder. [*Sinks.*]

Fr. W. Stay Prince, and take your Mistress with you.

N. St. Your Queen; your Princess!

Fr. W. Ay, Joe, now thou hast entertain'd us——This was a Master-piece.

Hayns, Nay, as simple as I stand here, this very Machine came over from France.

N. St. From France!

Hayns,

Hayns, Alamode de Parez, I can assure ye. For I'll tell ye ; I the Engineer-Royal of the King's House, and my Brother-Engineers of the Duke's House, went over into *France* together ; and this Machine, and a few Clouds of Clouts, was all we brought over for Two Thousand Guineas.

Fr. W. Nay, such an Engineer-General deserves Encouragement. Pray *Mr. Hayns*, let me present you with Five Guineas.

N. St. And the same Number from me——

Hayns, Which makes the Sum just Ten,

I have not shar'd so much the Lord knows when.

A Song sung by Miss —— ; set by *Mr. Purcel*.

YOUNG Strephon met me to'ther Day,
And courted me to Toy and Play :
He talk'd of twenty pretty Things,
Of Darts, and Flames, and Cupid's Wings.
What need he tell me o're and o're,
I had a thousand Charms and more ?

your Debt for't.

SCENE *Mr. Deputy's H*

Enter Sir Dottrel and Palme

Pal. How ! marry her !

Sir Dot. Ay, marry her ; so I say.

Pal. I thought Sir, you had utterly renounced her ; thrown out the treacherous Serpent from your Bosom, and weaned your Heart from all your childish Follies.

Sir Dot. I thought so too.

Pal. And are you then relapst, fain sick again of your old doting Frenzy ? Pray remember you have forsaken her, left her, scorned her, curst her : Curst her and her whole Race ; nay, and her Father——

Sir

Sir Dot. Is a very honest Gentleman: He and I are such good Friends again.

Pal. Friends! 'tis impossible.

Sir Dot. Nothing more certain. By the same good Token he has promis'd me his Daughter; and I'll marry her.

Pal. Do you you know what you do, Sir? Marry a Creature of her Lewdness and Infamy? A Man of your Years to marry a Girl of Nineteen? Why, 'tis cutting a New-River-Head; you lay in Pipes for half the Watercocks in the Town, Sir.

Sir Dot. Why, truly, that may be. And yet I have consider'd the whole Business; and for Thirty three substantial Reasons I am resolv'd to marry her.

Pal. Reasons!

Sir Dot. Ay, Reasons: In the first Place, as thou sayst, a thousand to one but she makes me a Cuckold; the more Danger the more Honour, *Shackarel*.—— In the next Place, I am a very old Fellow, and a very little Love will serve my Turn. And if she should take a small Snap abroad, to mend her short Commons at Home; thou know'st *Shackarel*, that every Thing would live; and I am a Man of more Conscience than to keep a poor Thing to starve it.

Pal. Conscience, with a Vengeance!

Sir Dot. And then if I am a Cuckold, I have a number of Brothers in this City-end of the Town: I am but one of the Crowd, and shall of good Company.

Pal. And wou'd you go to the Devil for Company?

Sir Dot. Go to the Devil! Oh fye no. Cuckolds go to Hell and Heav'n's a sweet Place. And as our Parson told me 't is a difficult Matter to get to Heav'n, especially with Life: Bags, with rack'd Rents and screw'd Tenants, and Tears: And above all, the lamentable Our Receipts of good Gold. and

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ware marry her——

Cuckoldom,

... horns,

... me, I wou'd through;

Hard as the Rocks, steep as the Alps in Front,
I'll wave my tall Brow-Antlers in the Clouds,
And yet bear up my Head, my Head, proud Citizen.

Pal. Well; if you have the Courage of a second *Cataline*, and dare play his desperate Game, and meet his desperate Fate, you shall marry *Jacintha*; and so take what follows.

Sir Dot. Take what follows! so I will. I'm sure of the first good Night, and to the Gods belongs to Morrow. And so *Shackarel*, do thou go to her, tell her a piece of my Mind; and if thou canst get her to take a Walk into my Lord *Squanderland's* Garden, where I'll meet her, and prepare her for the Day of Jubilee: And so speed the Plough. [Exit.

Pal. Speed the Gallows! Thou art full ripe for a Hempen Noose, but too rotten for a Wedlock one—— One

Our Plots are all unravel'd. This last Dotage
Has baffled all my Hopes, broke all my measures :
What can I do, or think ! I'll to *Jacintha*,
See what new Politicks her Brain can form.
I want that lovely Pilot in this storm.
When Man's lost senses, all are run a Drift,
'Tis Womans Wit must save at a Dead lift.

Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Dep. Now does it puzzle my whole City-Politicks to know what to make of this Sir *Dottrell*. To be a little doating mad, at reverend Fourscore, is but a natural Frenzy : But to be high raving mad, to start into Lunatick Fits, and see Sprights and Goblins, Visions of Whores, and Horns, against all sense and reason ; this warm Dog-star at his Cold Christmas tides is something unaccountable. But no matter, though he's a little craz'd in the Brain, he's very found in the Pocket.—Five thousand a year is worth twice five senses ; He has Money to compound for his Wit, and Acres for his Intellects ; and so nihil obstante he shall marry my Daughter.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Young Master is come to wair upon you.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Ned Stanmore.

Mr. Dep. Well Son ; what news from your Temple-walks ? How do your Rooks and your Lawyers plume their Nests together ? what Musick berwixt those Birds of a Feather, this high Illuabable Term with them !

Ned St. Why faith, Sir, I can't tell what Musick our Temple-Rooks make, but your City Ravens croak but scurvily.

Mr. Dep. Ravens !

Ned St. Ay, your old Antiquitated Ravens. Fur and Night-cap, Age and Impotence. An old Fusty City-Alderman that has out-lived the Crow ; An Egg in Great Hall's Reign, Hatcht in little Ned's, Feather'd in Queen Bess's, and Moulded in Old Noll's.

Mr. Dep. How, Son !

Ned St. Even so, Sir. And yet this Buzzard, this Craven, this old Bird of Night wants a young Nest again ; To Coo and Bill, and Couple and mate in the Devil's name. Well, Sir, if his Old Chops must be mumbling again, get him a Beldame ; feed him with his own natural Crows meat, Carrion ; not Chicken and Partridge, my Sister, Sir.

Mr. Dep. How now ; Royster ! you are very brisk, Young Sir.

Ned St. Something younger than Sir *Dottrell*, my Twenty-two a little short of his Ninety-two.

Mr. Dep. Do you know where you are, Sir ?

Ned St. In the presence of a Father.

Mr. Dep. Then where's your Respect and Duty ?

Ned St. Paid to your Character and Virtues ; not to your Weakness and Injustice. In short, Sir, this Sir *Dottrell*—

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Mr. Dep.

Mr. Dep. Is the Man of the VWorld—

Ned Sr. Shall never be my Brother-in-law.

Mr. Dep. He shan't!

Ned Sr. No, shall not!

Mr. Dep. How, Bully, do you come to bid Defiance to me,
To give me Battle? Ha!

Ned Sr. If Prayers and Tears

Are Battling Weapons, Sir, I come all arm'd against you:

I do beseech you, Sir, let Nature, Pity,

Justice, Humanity, all plead against this unequal Match.

Look on my Sisters Youth, her Virgin Bloom,

VVorthy a warmer Bed than such a Sepulchre:

Nay, Sir, if I may boast her Charms, her stock

Of Beauty—

Mr. Dep. Is a Match for 'Sir Dottrel,' Boy;

Beauty to Beauty, Son; his Gold and her Eyes,

They'll sparkle together, Boy: He a fair Estate,

And she the fair Mistress of it: Nothing better match'd, *Ned.*

Ned Sr. Match'd with a Vengeance! Yes, her Youth, and Sweets, and Charms,

To his Gout, and Cramps, and Palsies! Martyr her! Bury her.

Her Bed! Her Grave, Sir:

Mr. Dep. Hold, Sir, a word with you;

Confess, and tell me true: Is this whole Outcry

Only against Sir Dottrel? Not one Puff

Of all this Storm for your dear Darling *Palmarin*?

Stan. Yes, Sir, if Truth must speak, I am a Champion:

For that deserving Youth, that suffering Virtue,

Worthier my Sisters Heart in all his Ruines,

Then his vile Rival in his Chain of Gold.

Mr. Dep. Ay, now 'tis plain. O thou ungracious Boy!

An Advocate for Rags, and Shame, and Poverty.

N. Stan. For Worth, and Truth, and Honour.

Mr. Dep. Honour and Beggary! A black Swan and a white Crow.

Such another VVord,

And, by all the Vengeance of an Angry Father,

I'll disinherit thee.

N. Stan. As you please, Sir;

Your Son and your Estate are both your own.

But let me tell you, Sir, 'tis not th' Inheritance

Of Twenty Patrimonies shall frighten me from Justice,

Or shrink one Nerve in the great Cause of Truth.

Look ye, Sir; I can be a Martyr to Honour, but not a

Cully to Fear.

Mr. Dep. Well, thou'rt brave my Boy. But come, *Ned*;

Let you and I make a Drawn Battle between us.

Your Sister and I will e'en take it by Turns:

I'll dispose of her whilst she's mine, and she shall dispose of her self when she's her own. I'll marry *Jacintha* to *Old Sir Dottrel*, and she shall marry *Sir Dottrel's* Widow to young *Palmerin*. For, look ye, Son; one Month of Matrimony will wheedle her into his whole Estate; three Months of Family-Duty break the Old Fellow's Heart; Six Months of Mourning serve for the Widowhood; and so Nine Months of Patience gets your Young *Palmerin* a Wife with 5000 l. a Year, to troll, shine, and roar with, dear Boy; worth twenty blind beggarly Bargains, to get Brats and starve with.

Ned Sr. Nay, he, this shameful Argument—

Mr. Dep. I'll hear no more. Get you home to your Temple, read your *Littleton*, eat your Mutton, draggle your Gown, and come again (let me see) to morow Night. By that time I shall have consider'd matters, and will give you full Satisfaction in the Point.

Ned Sr. On that Condition, Sir, I'm all Obedience: I'll take my Leave, and wait your Hour of Grace. [Exit.]

Mr. Dep. Yes, Son, I'll marry her in the morning, and give thee Satisfaction at Night.

Young Counsellours Old Heads must never frow;
Gold in a Father's Scales must only weigh;
Let Song Preach Honour, the rest is our Play. [Exit.]

The SCENE, An Arborescence of Palms and Laurels, consisting of Nine Arches, environ'd with Flozons of Flowers, bound with Ribbons of Gold, and held up with Flying Cupids.

Enter Sir Dottrel, met by Jacintha led by Shackarel.

Jac. Well, *Sir Dottrel*, here's honest *Shackarel* has told me your whole Mind; that you are resolv'd to marry *Jacintha* right or wrong; to take her as blind Men do Money, false or true, Brats or Silver.

Sir Dott. And if thou hast the Conscience to cheat that Blind Man with Adulterate for Sterling, be the Sin at thy own Door.

Jac. And then you dare venture upon me?

Sir Dott. Dare! I must dare; for I can't live without thee.

Jac. Say you so, my Heart of Steel. Then let not your Noble Courage be cast down: For to cheer up your Heart, know, to the utter Confusion of Fears and Jealousies, I am Virtuous.

Sir Dott. Virtuous!

Jac. And will live and die so;

Nay, all the Affronts and Cheats I've put upon you Have been only to many Trials of your Patience and your Constancy; And here, before honest *Shackarel*, I promise you, *Sir Dottrel* is the Man of the whole World Shall make me th' happiest and best Wife in *Christendom*.

Sir Dott. I am transported!

Jac. Nay, my whole last Night's Roguery.

Sir Dott. Oh! No more of that.

Jac. Was all but a Sham-Plot.

Sir Dott. How! A Sham-Plot?

Jac. Berwixt your Man and me.

Sir Dott. My Man *Shakarell*.

Jac. Oh! I'll be kinder than the Flower o'th' Sun;
Throw open all my Bosom and my Charms
To thy warm Joys.

Palm. My Life, my Soul, my Heaven!

[Imitating their last Scenes

What think you now, *Sir Dottrell*?

Sir Dott. and was it you, ye young Rogue!

Palm. Even I, Sir.

Sir Dott. But hadst thou the Heart to put thy poor Master into that wicked Fright!

Palm. All my young Mistress's Design; she drew me into the Plot, and I had not the Power to refuse a fair Lady.

Sir Dott. No, you young Smirker! Well, I am the happiest old Toast in three Kingdoms: Such a Wife, and such a Servant; there are not the Fellows of 'em in the whole Town, from one End to th' other; Uds bud, not from *Knives-Acre* to *Cuckolds-Point*.

Jac. And now, to shew you, Sir, how much I relish

The welcome Joys of being a happy Bride,

I have prepar'd a Bridal Entertainment;

A Marriage-Masque, *Sir Dottrell*.

Sir Dott. How! A Masque!

The Ceremony of a Nuptial Entertainment perform'd. *Mrs. Croft*
the Bride, and Mr. *Leveridge* the Bridegroom.

The Musick set by Mr. D. Purcell.

The Nymphs of the Plain,

And Swains of the Grove

All the whole Noble Train

Of Smiling Love:

'A Jolly Jolly Troop in all our Pride,

Our happy Joys we'll summon;

To day we have made a Maid a Bride,

And to Night we shall make a Woman.

*Let the Blushing Misk,
That steals to the Blisk,
Take a whole Load of Shame upon her;
All the true Joys of Life
Are i'th Arms of a Wife,
In Love's fair Bed of Honour.*

Chor. *All the true Joys, &c.*

An Antick Dance.

The Shepherds sing.

*So now we have done the Work of the Day,
For the Work of the Night come all Hands away,
To lay the sweet Bride,
By her Bridegroom's Side:
To Bed, to Bed with the Bride,*

This again in Chorus.

Bridegroom, *Come, come, my dear Love, my Soul's all o' fire;
All burning Desire,
In thy Arms to expire;
To drink the sweet Nectar of Gods in Kisses,
And taste their whole Heav'n in Bliss.*

Bride, *Then come, come, come away.
Ob, What shall I do!*

Bridegroom, *Come, come, come away.
Ob, How shall I go to a Man, to Bed!*

Bride, *I vow, I shall blush all Scarlet Red.
Prethee, prethee, blush
All Thoughts of a Blush.*

Bridegroom, *Nay, fye, naughty Man; what is't that you want?
All the warm sweet Blessings that Love can grant.
Then come, come, come.*

Bride, *I can't, I can't.
Indeed, but you shall.*

Bridegroom, *I vow, but I sha'n't.
You must, you shall.*

Bride, *I won't, I can't.
But come, come to Bed.
I shall die with Shame.*

Bridegroom,

Bridegroom. *Come, come, come away, and cast away Sorrow ;
If thou blushest to night, thou wilt smile to-morrow.
Oh, let me but lie one Night more alone.*

Bride, *No, no, no.*

Bridegroom, *Not one Night more a Maid ?*

Bride, *Not one.*

Bridegroom, *Well, well ; if I must, I'll try what I can.*

Bride, *But what shall I do to lie by a Man ?*

You'll put out the Candle ?

Bridegroom, *Ay, ay, ay, ay.*

Bride, *And shut the Door ?*

Bridegroom, *Ay, ay, ay, ay.*

Bride, *And shall no body see ?*

Bridegroom, *No, no body see.*

Bride, *And no body hear ?*

Bridegroom, *No, none but we.*

Bride, *Well, well ; if I must, I'll try what I can.*

But, what shall I do to lie by a Man !

Chorus, *All the true Joys of Life, &c.*

[*Exeunt Masquers.*]

Sir D. I profess a most delicate Entertainment. But methinks that young Harlotry that peevish Tir of a Bride was a little too Coy when she should go to Bed. I hope, my Dear, thou wilt not serve me so.

Jac. No, no, no.

Sir D. Then come along my little Honey-suckle.

Jac. Hold, Stay, Sir Dottrell. ——— Sir, before I marry, I have a request which you must not deny me.

Sir D. Deny thee, Child ! I can deny thee nothing.

Jac. Then you must know I have made a solemn Vow never to marry that Man but he that shall steal me.

Sir D. Steal thee !

Jac. Ay, and this, Sir, you must promise me, I must confess 'twas a rash hasty Vow ; but Vows when they are once made, are Sacred Things ; and should I break them, Heaven would never bless me.

Sir D. But why must I steal thee ?

Pal. Oh fie, Sir Dottrell, what shrink at so small a piece of Knight Errantry, to win a Fair Lady.

Jac. Besides, Sir Dottrell, I'll make it very easie ; you Sir Dottrell, and your Man Shacklewell shall come with a Ladder, to our Back-window, exactly at Twelve a Clock at Night. I'll steal the Keys of the Window, be ready to receive you, run into your Arms, trundle down the Ladder with you, knock up the Parson, slip into the Church, tumble o're the Matrimony, troll home

to my Father, tell him the whole story of the Frolick, while you sing He smiles, I laugh, and all the Bells of the Town ring Oh be Joyful.

Sir D. Huzzah! why I'll do't; say no more, I'll do't. Steal thee! why I'll steal thee all; steal thy heart, steal to Bed to thee; steal into thy Bosom, steal into thy——Oh such Raptures! such Delight! How shall I contain me to the Wedding-night.

ACT V.

Enter Sir Dottrell with a Dark Lanthorn, and Palmerin with a Ladder, which he sets up to the Balcony.

Pal. See, Sir Dottrell, see, the Windows unlockt, the Cloud's opening, and your Dear Angel ready for descending. O you're a happy Man, Sir. But come aloft, Sir, mount the Walls, and Scale the Battlements.

S. D. But I don't like this Night-work.—But be sure you hold the Ladder fast, for if it should slip, I should fall very heavy, for five thousand a year's a great weight, Shackarell!

Pal. Pox on you! you are one thousand a year heavier of my Money.

S. D. [Upon the Balcony.] Now, Sirrah, stay you there, and watch till I come down again.

Pal. Ay faith; I shall watch you!—Hst, where are you?

Boy. Here, Sir. *Enter a Boy with a Bellman's Habit, Lanthorn, &c.*

Palmerin dresses himself as a Bellman. *(Exit Boy.)*

Pal. All you that on your Beds lye waking,
To keep your Gity-brows from aking.
First watch your Wives, and then your Money;
And drive the Hornets from your Honey.
For fear your Sponse your Crabs-inoculate,
Keep her from Beaus and House of Chocolate.
Preserve your Lambs from sly Court Foxes.
From Pagan Vixens, and Side-boxes.
From Hackney Coach with Wooden-windows.
From Loue abroad, and none within doors.

Good Morrow my Masters all, Good Morrow: Past Twelve a Clock, and a warm Frosty Morning.—Ha! a Ladder at Mr. Deputies Back-window.—Why, Sir, Mr. Deputy.—Your House is broken open. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Enter Sir Dottrell, and Jacintha in her Night-Gown.

Jac. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

S. D. Why 'tis I Child, Sir Dottrell. Jac. Sir Devil!

S. D. Why, Chicken, I am come to Steal thee.

Jac. Steal me, Impudence! Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Mr. Deputy in his Night-Gown above.

Mr. Dep. Ha! my Window broke open! ———

Jac.

Fac. Ay, and your House broke open! your Great Trunk broke open.

Mr. Dep. My Great Trunk! *Fac.* And your Cabinet of Diamonds.

Mr. Dep. My Diamonds! *(Exit from above.)*

S. D. Why, Madam, what do you mean! What are you going to do! I hope you have more Conscience than to serve me thus?

Fac. Just as you deserve, Mr. Thief——Here slip this Casket of Diamonds into your Pocket. *[Giving a Casket to Palmerin.]*

Enter Mr. Deputy Below.

Mr. Dep. Rob'd, ruin'd, undone! A Casket of Jewels bought of my Lord *Squanderland* for 6000 Pound, and worth 10000. Lost, undone! ruin'd.

Fac. Ay, Sir, see there the Barbarous Thief.

Mr. Dep. Sir *Dottrell*. See there.

S. D. Ay, Sir, 'tis I.

Mr. Dep. You, Sir, *Dottrell*.

S. D. Yes, I Sir? what a Pox is't such a wonderment to see an Old Rat in a young Mouse-trap.

Mr. Dep. I can't believe my Eyes.

S. D. No, nor your Ears neither, if that young Witch has the handling of 'em.

Pal. Oh, Sir, Sir, yonder's my Lord Chief Justice come from Council at *Whitehall*, just turn'd the Corner o'th' Street in his Coach; what if I call him to hear the whole Business?

S. D. My Lord Chief Justice!

Fac. Ay, Sir, let him be call'd, let me have Justice against that Barbarous Rascal of your House. Now you may see how you've betray'd and ruin'd me. Made me dispose my heart to that base Man. That came not hither for the Love of me. 'Twas not the Charms of all my Youth and Beauty; My blooming Virtue, and my Virgin Innocence.

S. D. Oh Woman, woman, woman!

Fac. No: 'twas the sparkling Luster of your Jewels that dazzled in his Eyes.

S. D. Was ever such a Traytreſs! Oh, Sir, believe her not one word; 'tis all Design, Plot, Treason, upon my Honour and my Life, Sir; and she has no mercy than a Weaver at an *East-India-House*. That wheedling dissembling young Imp there told me she had made a Vow to Marry no Man but he that should steal her; and I like an old blind dunce——

Fac. Steal me! Bless my Ears! what says the Man! Steal me! Oh, Sir, *Dottrell*, Sir *Dottrell*, this is like the rest of all your Barbarous Usage.

Mr. Dep. Ay, Child, steal thee!

S. D. Ay Sir, steal her! I tell you, Sir, once more, that Monster——

Mr. Dep. Ay, you may tell me what you please: You that can do such wicked things, can have the confidence to say any thing.

Enter Palmerin as Lord Chief Justice, his Train born up by his Clerk.

My Noble Lord! I beg your Lordships pardon for giving you this trouble at this unreasonable time of Night.

Pal. Justice is never troublesome nor unreasonable, we are bound to right the injured.

Mr. Dep.

Mr. Dep. Injur'd! Ay my Lord, I have had [*A Chair set forth and Palm. fits.*] my House broke open. I have been rob'd, my Lord, rob'd of a Casket of Jewels price 6000 l.

Pal. Six thousand Pound!

Mr. Dep. See there the Ladder, and see here the Thief.

Pal. *Sir Dottrell!*

S. Dor. I shall run mad; that's certain.

Pal. The Worshipful *Sir Dottrell*, I am all amazement.

S. Dor. Amaz'd my Lord, Ay and amaz'd, and amaz'd again, when you have heard the whole Roguery. Your Lordship is a Good Man, and an Honourable man, and will do me Justice; I desire you to hear me, my Lord; I'll tell you the whole truth from the Top to the Bottom. I'll confess all my Lord.

Pal. Confess! you can't do better *Sir Dottrell*.

Sir Dor. Then in the first place I am a wheizing, grunting, empty-headed old Sot of Fourscore.

Pal. Very good.

Sir Dor. In the next place, having no more Grace than Brains, and no more Fear before my Eyes than to——

Pal. Break open a House.

Sir Dor. Break open a House! No my Lord, break a fools head of my own, to run my reverend But-end a tilt at a Gay Petticoat, and play the old Game of hard heads call'd Matrimony.

Pal. Very well. Go on, Sir.

Sir Dor. An old doating fool to have no more sense at these years than to pretend to make Womans Mear, when I am more fit for Worms-meat, my Lord. To be hankering after Young Flesh, when I am going the way of all flesh; and thus by the wicked instigation of the World, the Devil, and dry Bones, my Lord, with one Leg in my Grave I had no more Conscience than think of slipping the other to Bed to a Girl of Nineteen; and to lay my old Frost and Night-cap by her young Fruze and Top-knot.

Palm. And so falling in Love with a young Lady, and having a particular occasion for a Necklace of Pearl, Locker of Diamonds, and some other Toys, to the Value of Six Thousand Pounds, for a Present to your Young Mistress, you made bold with Mr. Deputy.

Sir Dott. I know nothing of Mr. Deputy's Locketts and Diamonds. I had no Design but upon that precious Jewel his Daughter there; that young Fury with her Snakes in Powder and Curl; that Cloven-foot in Lac'd Shoes, my Lord.

Palm. Ha! What's all this?

Sir Dott. A wicked and notorious *Jezebel*, that has conspir'd the Ruine, Fall and Destruction of the Right Worshipful *Sir Dottrel*.

Palm. Yet hold, Sir.

Sir Dott. I cannot hold. I must confess my Sins, and repent, my Lord; and tell your Lordship I have been galloping Headlong in the fair Road to the Devil; my Lord. For an Old Coxcomb of Eighty Eight, that has no more Wit than to Marry a Young Girl of Eighteen, heaps more Coals upon his Head

another City Conflagration; and ought to be Marry'd on no Day but the Second of September, my Lord. For when the Firebrands of Whoredom and Cuckoldom are once lighted, they are unquenchable; and a Young Gipsie that takes Fire in her *Pudding-Lane*, is never to be stopp'd till she burns down to *Bridewell*, my Lord.

Palm. How now! Ill-manner'd, Sir! Do you know where you are? This Insolence before the Bar of Justice! Ha!

Sir Dott. I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Palm. Better Language, and more Civility.

Sir Dott. I have done, Sir. I know no Harm of the poor Girl. She is a Good Girl, and an Honest Girl, and a Religious Girl——Why, I have heard her at her Prayers, my Lord.

Palm. No more trifling, Sir. If you have any thing to say, speak home to the purpose. Has this young Lady done you any Wrong, any Injustice, Sir?

Sir Dott. Wrong! O Lord, no! She has done me a great deal of Right, my Lord. Alas, Sir, I have been an impertinent Old Fool, and have so tired and teized her, and haunted her, till the poor Thing, in her own Defence, when I would take no Warning, and receive no denial, has only drawn me into a Plot, Sir; to see my Back-side, Sir; to get a fair Riddance of me, by sending me up *Highborn*, and please your Lordship: I vow and swear that's all.

Palm. And did she draw you into this Plot?

Sir Dott. She, Sir; Ay, ay. Why, I broke open her Father's House by her own Special Command.

Palm. Very pretty! And so in Obedience to a fair Lady——

Sir Dott. Ay, Sir.

Palm. To rid her of a troublesome old Blockhead.

Sir Dott. Right, Sir.

Palm. You committed Burglary.

Sir Dott. Very true, Sir.

Pal. In pure Complaisance to be hang'd out of the way.

Sir Dott. Why truly, Sir, if that False Peacher can Swear me or Lie me into a Halter, I shall be hang'd and hang'd, and double hang'd, my Lord.

Palm. Oh, I have heard too much a plain Confession! Dead, gone, lost!

Sir Dott. Dead, Sir!

Palm. The World can't save ye.

Sir Dott. How! Not save me!

Palm. Impossible! Oh *Sir Dottrel*, *Sir Dottrel*: A Man of your Estate, a Person of your Worth, for you to run yourself into this hideous Sin——

Oh, 'tis unpardonable! A Common Thief! Poor Rogues, that break a House for want, for Bread for Hunger, those pious Wretches might find some Beams of Grace: But you, *Sir Dottrel*; Oh, there's no Hopes, no Mercy!

Sir Dott. What do you mean, Sir? I hope you don't intend to hang me.

Palm. Had you a Thousand Lives, all, all lost.

Sir Dott. Oh, my Dear Lord, don't fright me! Hang an Alderman! Hang a Gold Chain! I shall never be able to bear it. Oh, my dear Lord, upon my Knees I do beseech you.

Palm. Kneel, Sir, to Heaven, not me; make your Peace there, *Sir Dottrel*.

Sir Dot. Oh,

